WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, August 13, 1803. [No. 45.

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY

A NOVEL.

(Concluded from page 347.)

MATILDA flew enraptured to receive him; but her presence no longer afforded him delight. In a moment of unmerited calamity we too frequently behold the authors of it, even if innocent, with abhorrence: such was the case with Sir Francis, who now regarded Matilda as a female seducer.—Her birth, her education, her situation in life, all conspired against her; and the unpardonable levity of her conduct appeared to him in more glaring colors, as it threatened to involve him in disgrace and misery. He flung himself into a chair, and, with a look of sad meaning said, fixing his steadfast eye upon her——

Matilda——you have made me a wretch!

She seized his hand;—she bathed it with her tears—Edwards!—do you reproach me?

Her accent and looks in a moment calmed his indignation.—He thought himself unjust, and softened his tone.

Your fatal attachment has involved us all in trouble.—Oh! Matilda—could you not have spared me the pang of seducing the sister of my friend—my benefactor!

It was Matilda's turn to be agitated: but, concealing her emotion, she said—

Is that all you rail for?—Simple man! you torment yourself without a cause: —to-morrow I shall be of age, and, then, all will be well.

All will not be well! replied Sir Francis. Clatterton must know to-day; to-morrow will be too late.

Will you, then, expose me? asked Matilda, indignantly.

Sooner may I perish! exclaimed he, passionately.—No, Matilda!—I am as proud as you:—still you shall find me just and honorable.

With these significant words he left her, dressed, and went on parade, where he met Clatterton. He could not have chosen a more unpropitious hour, the young nobleman having just received a letter from Mr. Evelyn not perfectly explanatory, but hinting a wish that he would relinquish his pretentions to the hand of Georgiana in favor of Francis.

So, said Clatterton, as he approached, you have made an important arrangement during your stay in town.—If I had not a great friendship for you, I should be tempted to shoot you thro' the head.

Sir Francis was, for a moment, silent; then, shaking off the horror that had seized him, replied——

I am not here upon jesting business, my Lord:—when parade is over, walk with me, and I will explain.

Clatterton did so; and, having reached a retired spot, Sir Francis again addressed him.——

You have a sister, major?

Eternal curses upon her! exclaimed Clatterton, vehemently: she has dishonored her family—abused my friendship; but the villain that seduced her shall feel my vengeance!

I am the man! cried Evelyn; while Clatterton receded a few paces in astonishment.

Then you are a baser villain than imagination could suspect!

No matter, said Sir Francis, hastily: here wreak your vengeance—I seduced Matilda.

He drew from his pocket two pistols, and presented one to Clatterton,

By this parade of honor, said the major, you seek to turn aside my wrath; but you are mistaken--the earth supports not such a monster of ingratitude!

Spare your abuse, my Lord, returned Francis: I seek not to vindicate my conduct now.—You are armed; take aim.

Having retired to a proper distance, Clatterton fired; the ball entered the breast of Sir Francis: in a few minutes he fell. A moment's reflection convinced the generous Clatterton that he had acted rashly:—he flew to the support of his still dear friend, and, with the assistance of some laborers, had him conveyed to his lodgings: nor could any consideration for himself induce him to leave his bed-side, though the surgeon of the regiment expressed apprehension of the wound being mortal.

Matilda was soon apprised of the fatal event.—Distracted, and almost heart-broken, she hastened to the house, disregarding the presence of her enraged brother; but who can paint her agony when she beheld the man she idolized, pale, bleeding and senseless, in the arms of Clatterton!

Look, wretched woman! exclaimed the major: this is the consequence of your imprudence.

Oh! kill me not with your reproaches at an hour like this! she cried, with a burst of tears. Save but his life, and then upbraid me; for, yet, you know not all my fault.—Inspired with ardent curiosity to see a youth of whom I had heard such warm eulogiums, I easily prevailed upon my compliant teacher, Madame la Brune, to accompany me to ———. There, under an assumed name, I first attracted his attention: your absence from the regiment favoring the scheme suggested by the intriguing Frenchwoman. This, though a harmless frolic at the time, laid the foundation of my subsequent misconduct.—— I saw enough of Edwards to engage my affections beyond my power to recal; and, with all my native impetuosity, determined not to live without him; but, dreading the effect of Georgiana's charms, should I prolong an absence which might weaken the hold I had taken of his heart, and urged by you to marry Walpole, I quitted school, and placed myself voluntarily under his protection; not doubting that his honor and my own imagined virtue would be my guard, till the day arrived when I might obtain his hand, without a diminution of my fortune, which must have been the case, had I married contrary to your wish before I was of age. I deceived myself, and ought alone to suffer; but Edwards—poor Edwards! is the victim of my levity!

She threw herself on the bed beside him, and bathed his face with her tears. Clatterton was much affected; and Francis beheld her emotion with grateful concern.

Matilda, said he, do not afflict yourself thus.—I feel I have not long to live; and, though I will frankly own that the improper means you employed to engage my affections have in some measure lessened my respect for you, and might, perhaps, have embittered our union, it is my solemn intention to screen you from the censure of the world by making you my wife. I cannot say I wish to live;—the flattering prospects that opened to my view are blasted by a few early errors.—I know your brother's proud generosity may make objections; but I shall not die in peace, unless I leave you justified in the eyes of the world.

Finding him serious in this determination, Clatterton would not oppose it; and wrote immediately to Mr. Evelyn an account of what had passed, entreating his presence and advice.

The house now presented a scene of distress and confusion. Mr. Evelyn soon arrived, attended by his daughter and Lady Evelyn, who came to behold her dying son.—Clatterton was put under arrest by his own desire, but enlarged upon his parole of honor; and now waited the event in calm despair.—Georgiana looked the picture of woe; nor could all the exertions of Mr. Evelyn keep the unhappy mother from the bed-side of Francis; while Clatterton, beholding in her the object of his earliest affections, felt more forcibly the horrors of his situation. His sister seemed the only one who supported the surrounding distress with fortitude; and this trait of insensibility rendered the heart of Clatterton still more obdurate against her. Francis, apprehending that his last hour was rapidly approaching, entreated for the solemnization of those rites which would enable Matilda to appear again in the world; and the ceremony was performed by the rector of the parish in which they resided. Sir Francis was supported in his bed by his mother and Clatterton; Mr. Evelyn gave the bride away; and Georgiana, with unconcealed anguish of heart, viewed the ceremony, as little less afflictive than that which would consign her beloved Francis to the grave.—Matilda shed no tear—no sigh burst from her bosom; but, when it was concluded, fell on her knees, and, pressing the hand of Francis to her burning lips, said——

I am thy wife, Francis!—I die contented;—a few hours will terminate my sorrows.—Forgive this one selfish act; and, should life still be spared you, atone to this dear injured girl, whose prudence, fortitude, and constancy, entitle her to heaven's best blessing:—to me thy love had been that blessing; but I find, too late, that happiness cannot be obtained by other means than that of virtue. To an erroneous education I owe my ruin; ungoverned sensibility, misled by pernicious doctrine and immoral example, have brought me to destruction.—Oh? Georgiana—teach your daughters more than I was taught!—lead them with unwearying caution from the paths of levity!

Strong convulsions seized her as she spoke; and they were at a loss to account for this sudden extravagance in her manner, till they, too late, discovered that she had swallowed a large dose of poison. Every antidote was administered in vain; and in less than seven hours she expired.

So fell, in the bloom of life, the lovely, the accomplished, but indiscreet Matilda; nor could the most insensible refuse a tear to the memory of one whose endowments, personal and mental, if properly applied, might have rendered her a blessing to her friends, and an ornament to society.

Days of protracted suffering left the friends of Sir Francis little hopes of recovery, though every possible skill and attention was exercised to avert the impending calamity. Georgiana watched by him with indefatigable zeal; and, as the health of Lady Evelyn rendered her incapable of such exertion, she resigned the important office to one so tenderly interested with satisfaction. Sir Francis, gratified by such soothing attentions, felt more composed in mind, which con-

tributed materially to remove the dangerous symptoms; and to the delighted Georgiana he failed not to ascribe the cure of all his maladies.

Now, said he, I can distinguish between personal admiration and that pure passion which is founded on true merit. —But can you, Georgiana, forgive the truant whose weak senses were so easily dazzled?

Indeed, there is much to be forgiven, said Mr. Evelyn; but who can so easily forgive errors arising from inexperience, and too excessive acuteness of feeling, as an indulgent parent—a partial lover! —Nay, blush not, Georgiana!—you are above affectation;—if not, I will cure you of such folly. If you recover, Sir Francis, she is your's—your lives may be the happier for this trial; and, if you repay the affection of my virtuous child as it deserves, I shall bless the hour that I first vowed to patronize the little Chimney-sweeper!

Lady Evelyn was soon sufficiently tranquil to converse with her son:—their first enterview was tender and affecting. He then, with the utmost delicacy, ventured to hint at the long-cherished passion of his friend, his benefactor, stated the many favors he had received at his hands; and entreated, for his sake, that she would confirm his gratitude by bestowing upon him her hand. Lady Evelyn hesitated.——

At my time of life, Francis, such proposals can be heard without excess of embarrassment or emotion. I own, I am not insensible to the worth of Lord Clatterton, nor unmindful of the many obligations we are under to him; but he is five years younger than I am—of a gay disposition:—my first marriage was an unhappy one; then, can you wonder that I dread another engagement?

Conquer a dread so unworthy of my friend, cried Francis. Trust me, Lord Clatterton is formed to make a worthy woman happy: in spite of early indiscretions, there is not a man on earth so worthy to be my father.

Francis was not the only one urgent in the cause of Lord Clatterton; and, overpowered by their arguments, Lady Evelyn at length promised, that, as soon as the health of herself and her son should be perfectly restored, she would accede to their wishes.

A considerable sum from the fortune of Matilda was appropriated to the enlargement of the charity-school in which the orphan Francis was first fostered; and the remainder distributed among the indigent tribe, who alike were cheered by the annual bounty of a Montague.

Selected Biography.

AUGUSTUS ROY FLETCHER.

THIS singular character was an inhabitant of Glenorchay, and principally supported himself by hunting and fishing. A faithful dog was his attendant; the gun and the dirk were his companions. Sometimes, indeed, he exchanged the gun for the fishing spear, but was never seen without one or the other of them. At a distance from social life, his residence was in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains, which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he erected his hut, where he passed the spring, summer, and autumn, and a considerable part of the winter. He had a few goats, which he occasionally tended on these lofty cliffs. These, with his dog, gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid, hose, and brogs, constituted the whole of his property. While his goats fed among the rocks, and wide extended heaths, he ranged the hill and the forest in pursuit of game. He returned to his little flock in the evening, and conducted them to his solitary hut. He milked them with his own hands, and after making a comfortable meal, laid himself down to rest in the midst of them. By day they were his principal care, and by night they were his only companions, except the dog. He wished not to associate with any of his own specie, either male or female; and yet if the step of the wandering stranger happened to approach his little cabin, Augustus Roy was humane and hospitable in the extreme. Whatever he possessed, even to the last morsel, he cheerfully bestowed upon his guest; at a time too when he knew not certainly where to procure another morsel for himself. Strange, that a man, who apparently had no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its noblest virtues! Such was the manner in which this extraordinary man spent the greater part of the year; but when the chill blast of December returned, when the excessive coldness of the climate forced him to depart from the mountain, and to quit the solitary cell, he condescended to hold some intercourse with mankind, he repaired to the village; but he entered with reluctance into society, where no man thought as he did himself; where no man lived or acted in his peculiar manner. In this situation he discovered evident symptoms of uneasiness and disgust. To remove the languor of an intercourse in which he found no enjoyment, he went early every morning to the hill and the wood in search of game, and when he returned, he stole unobserved to rest.—If he ever felt the force of love, it must have been in a very moderate degree, for he hardly ever displayed any propensity to that passion; and yet he dressed after the manner of the most finished coxcomb. The belted plaid and the dirk were fitted on with a wild and affected elegance; and his bonnet which was very small, was in a similar taste. His hair, which was naturally curled, and very thick, was always tied with a silken, or variegated cord, which he esteemed as one of the brightest ornaments. His look was lofty, though he condescended to be his own butcher, cook, and baker; and when he killed a hare, or game of any denomination, he prepared it himself for eating. Under all these circumstances, so seemingly depressing, he was haughty and high-minded in the extreme Were he starving for want of food, he would not deign to ask any person living to bestow on him the smallest pittance. In conformity to established custom, he took off his bonnet to what is called a gentleman, but he did it with reluctance, and in a manner which indicated contempt, rather than respect, for the person whom he addressed. Upon the whole, Augustus Roy Fletcher, merited the appellation of a most singular character. In circumstances the most humiliating, he had hardly his equal among the proud and haughty. Among coxcombs, he would make a distinguished figure. He could neither read nor write.

THE CUNNING LAWYER.

A GENTLEMAN who had only one son, named Syphax, was desirous he should study law, for which purpose he gave him a collegiate education, and when Syphax was graduated, he left the University, and went into the office of an eminent Barrister of the Law, named Duplex, who was remarkable for his duplicity and ambi-dexterity, always ready to take up any cause, just or unjust, for a sufficient fee. After Syphax had studied with the Barrister some time, he went to see his father, and with a pomposity natural to young students, told him he thought himself qualified to plead the most intricate cause in the law, and give entire satisfaction to his clients: his father then asked Syphax if he could make right wrong, and wrong to be right; to which the novitiate replied, he had not met with any such cases in his studies. Then the father told Syphax to go back again, and finish his studies with the Barrister: who had not instructed him in all he knew, and thereupon returned to Duplex again, and studied another year, and then came back to his father, and told him that the Barrister had initiated him in all the sophistical chicaneries of the Lawyers, and that he now perfectly knew how to make right wrong and wrong right; very well said his father, I will put you to the test:—There is a man now in jail, who has stolen a horse, and it can be proved against him. If you can clear him of the theft, so that he is acquitted, then I will allow you will make an excellent lawyer. Syphax undertook the cause, and went directly to the jail, and addressed himself to the prisoner in the following manner:——May I be so inquisitive (said the adventurer) as to ask what brought you to this disagreeable place? Yes, sir, I will tell you, I am charged with stealing a horse: (that may be, said our proficient, but are you guilty of the charge?) Excuse me, said the prisoner, if I say that is too close a question to answer at present. I ask pardon for the impropriety of the expression—But I am a Lawyer, and if you will place confidence enough in me to advocate your cause, be assured, I think it will terminate successfully, on your part; and that whatever confession you are pleased to make, you have my honor, it shall go no further. The prisoner trusted to the integrity of the Lawyer, and disclosed himself to this purpose—I will tacitly confess I am guilty of the charge, and am fully convinced that the adverse party has competent evidence against me of the theft, and that the probability is, I shall suffer an ignominious death. The Lawyer interrupted him, and asked whether he knew the marks of the horse? The prisoner answered yes, very well sir; then said Syphax write them down on this paper, and be particular in describing the horse, and the time when you took him; which being done to his satisfaction, now said the young advocate, in order to your being considered as my client it is requisite that I should receive a retaining fee; I have no doubt in my own mind of obtaining a favorable issue to your cause—one guinea, however, will be satisfactory, and if I do not obtain a verdict in your favor, I pledge my honor I will return it. The prisoner very willingly gave him his fee. Syphax took the minutes which the prisoner had given him of the horse, and the time and place where he took him, and copied it in his own hand writing, and delivered it to the prisoner again and enjoined him to take particular care of it, and mind what he had then to say which will appear thus——My prisoner when you are arraigned before the tribunal the Judges will of course interrogate you, are you guilty of the charge against you or not? you will then answer, not guilty; then they will ask how came you by this horse? you will answer and point at me in the bar, (where I shall be leaning down as though I was asleep) I had him of that man; the counsel for the plaintiff turned himself about to Syphax, do you hear what this fellow says? no I did not, what did he say? he said he had this horse of you! well, said Syphax, I don't know but he had; I sold a horse to a man whose features (if my memory serves me) favors this man's; was you the man, said the young Lawyer to the prisoner, to whom I sold the horse? yes sir, I am the man; then, said Syphax, produce the minutes I gave you of the marks of the horse, which the prisoner readily did, and the time when he had him; the council for the plaintiff requested that Syphax should inform the court and jury, how he came by this horse; which request he agreed to, and addressed himself to the court; may it please your honors, and you gentlemen of the jury, I am called upon to inform this honorable court and jury how I came by the horse now in controversy, in reply thereunto, I will observe that my father has a large sheep fold, and has lost a number of sheep, and I being solicitous to have the trespasser brought to condign punishment, I went one night to the fold, and secreted myself; about midnight appeared a person walking to the fold: I lay concealed until he committed the theft, and after he had hamstrung four or five of the sheep, he slung them on this horse, and being so well loaded he was unable to travel fast; I then pursued him with all possible speed; he found I closed so fast on him, that he dismounted his horse and took to the fields. I caught the horse, came home, released the sheep, and put the horse up in the barn, determined to keep him a few days and see if I could find the owner of him; but no person appearing to claim the horse, I then took the marks as you *here see* of the horse, and sold him to this man; and the person who will come and own this beast, I will affirm is the man that stole my father's sheep, and he is the person I want to see, for I am sensible it will cost him his life.

The account the young advocate gave, appeared so accurate, that it impressed the plaintiff's counsel with a belief that his client was guilty, that he immediately withdrew the prosecution, and expressed much contrition that he had commenced a suit so unjust, and which might have terminated fatal to the prisoner.

TETE A TETE.

'IT is not my fault,' said she, that I remain single.'

'No,' replied I, 'but it is your fault that you are singular—You must know sir, I am an adept at playing on the word, the half word, or the syllable.'

'Singular!' she re-echoed, '*I* singular! surely you compliment!'

'Not I, upon my word: but are not you, for instance, the most *transparent* of all the *Nudes of fashion?*——You even rival madame G. who has but one thin covering over her *chemise!*'

'How do *you* know? Besides, let me tell you, that is not being *singular?* it is very *modish!*'

'Ay, but not very *modest!*'

She stared at me as if she had never

heard the word before, and at last burst into a loud laugh!

'And do you think that by being what you call *modest*, a woman of *ton* could make her way in the world?'

'I don't know what you mean by the world; but she would find it the strongest recommendation to a lover—I mean a serious lover.'

'A serious lover!—a *bore*, you mean! Where among the *Haut Ton*, shall you find any thing serious, except duns and vexation? and these you know, we laugh off as well as we can?'

'Well, but my dear lady, there are marriages in high life as well as in low, and therefore there must be serious lovers.'

'No such thing!—Hands, not hearts, you know: the very first serious affair that happen between people of *our* class is the *crim. cron. damages*; and how to *dash* after *detection*: how to make what common folks call a *burning shame* a matter of *eclat!* A serious lover indeed! very well in a novel for romantic misses, but hardly tolerable even on the stage—it is so *out of Nature!*'

'Out of *fashion* you mean: out of nature it never can be. And your being *in* the fashion accounts for your being single.'

'And I *am* in the fashion—ay, and the extreme of fashion—that I may not remain single long.'

'Believe me, fair lady, it is a retrograde motion.'

'O, for Heaven's sake! don't talk to me of any motions!'

'Well, but I do move that you——'

'Renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, I—suppose! Ha! ha! ha!—I return you my grandmamma's thanks for your very *courtly* advice!—But as to *me*, I am just commencing my career: I am endeavoring to acquire all the fascinating graces of the *grande monde*. Don't you see that I have the *haut bon* air of our lovely *Princess*—my Lady *Throckmorton's* shape—the *Devonshire* smile of benignity, that wins hearts, and keeps them.'

'Stop, Lady! stop!—do not forget that it is the *benignity*, it is the *grace of the soul*, speaking through lovely eyes, that gains the addition of *respect* to admiration, and gives permanence to affection. What are the eyes and auburn hair of the charming Dowager Duchess of *Rutland*—what the personal fascinations of Lady *G. Gordon*—the nose and mouth of Lady *Eliza Monk*—the roses and lilies of Mrs. *Gardner*—the majestic step of Lady *Hertford*—the commanding brow of Lady *Townshend*—what are all these, even united, as ten to one they may be in some country milk-maid? I say, what are all these charms united, if they are lost in the extremes of fashion?—The impudent stare—the broad laugh—the affected grin—the masculine stalk——Adieu, my dear *single* Lady—I am sorry you are not, in every sense, of the *singular* number.

[FROM THE TRENTON FEDERALIST.]

DREADFUL TORNADO.

On Sabbath evening about 6 o'clock, in a south-westerly direction, the heavens appeared to gather blackness, and to afford some pleasing prospects of rain, we having experienced a very severe drought of near 42 days. The sky was gradually overspread, and without much appearance of thunder or tempest, the clouds began, about 7 o'clock, gently to distil the rain to our great satisfaction and joy. The rain gradually increased and the wind, though light, appeared to proceed from various quarters. Toward 8 o'clock the lightning began to appear, and the thundering voice of the Almighty to be heard from every quarter. The storm increased, and for the space of about three quarters of an hour the lightnings were incessant and the thunderings most awfully majestic.

At the distance of about two miles from this place in a northerly direction, about one hundred rods from the dwelling house of Mr. Samuel Davis, a most violent whirlwind or tornado, commenced. The first marks of its violence were in an orchard, where it prostrated all the trees, tore many from their base, and removed some large ones, root and branch, to the distance of thirty paces. From hence, taking a north-easterly direction, it prostrated all the trees and fences to the ground. The centre of it passing a little eastward from Mr. Davis' dwelling house, the extremity of the vortex was only felt at his habitation: which, however, removed a Smith's shop from the foundation, took off one part of the roof, and proceeding diagonally across his house, completely unroofed a part of his piazza and one side of his kitchen, removing the roofs to a very considerable distance. The centre of the gust proceeded directly across his barns, which consisted of two large barns with a granary and waggon-house between them, united in one chain of buildings, 80 feet in length. One barn contained a large mow of hay, and the other was full of wheat, rye and oats. The granary contained about 50 bushels of clean wheat, and many other weighty articles. The whole of these buildings were, with all their contents, lifted from the ground, and continued in the atmosphere until a large portion of the roof was taken off and carried under them, upon which they settled down and rested. Each end of the building, however, was removed just 20 feet, the one end to the eastward and the other to the westward, into the exact direction with the general current, without leaving the least trace of friction upon the earth over which it must have moved. The buildings were unroofed and the easternmost entirely demolished. A quantity of hay taken from one, judged to be a ton in weight, was carried to the distance of 12 rods in a solid mass. The posts, plates and other large pieces of timber, broken directly off in the centre found in every direction at the distance of 20 or 30 rods, some standing erect and in various other positions. Hinges and clamps of iron of several pounds weight, at as great distances. The body of a covered waggon, taken from the waggon-house, torn from the springs, shattered and set up on end, the axletrees broken, and three of the wheels torn from the same, were found in different places at the distance of several rods. One new wheel of a strong heavy waggon broken entirely to pieces. The tornado in its course entered the timberland. On the outer skirts large portions of the roofs of these buildings were found on the tops of trees, at the distance of from 20 to 50 rods, sheaves of wheat and oats also in the tops of the highest trees. One of the rafters at the distance of more than 100 rods, trees torn up by their roots, others broken off from 1 to 20 or 30 feet from the ground, some borne down by the weight and pressure of others, in every direction, fragments of timber, boards, shingles, wheat, rye, oats and hay, through the

whole forest for near a mile, exhibited but one scene of devastation and ruin.

But in the midst of adversity, the hand of God is to be admired and adored.——Four young people, three of whom were Mr. Davis's children; who had been milking in the yard, had taken shelter in the stable from the rain; but after some deliberation, had quitted this resort for the house. Entering the door, they had not time to close it before the wind struck the house and unroofed that part in an instant.—Had they been one moment later, either in the barn or in their passage, they must have inevitably perished, for there was not an inch of ground but was covered with the ruins.

Geese and fowls were found dead in the open ground, and one cow buried in the ruins.

The storm of wind in its course passed across the dwelling house of Mr. Andrew Miller, about half a mile from the former, unroofed his house, carried away the chamber floor, took beds and bedsteads and chief of the furniture out of the house, scattered them in every direction and dashed them in pieces over the ground. Mr. Miller and others of the family were much hurt, but all made their escape to a neighboring house: his barn and fruit trees injured.

These ravages were from 10 to 30 rods wide, with little variation in the general course, and continued about one and a half miles, when the wind appeared to have dilated and gradually to have lost strength. It was, by information, felt at the distance of two miles and a half. Near a load of sheaves of wheat and oats taken from Mr. Davis' barn, were collected in Mr. Miller's fields, from one half to three quarters of a mile distance; a leather apron and a sheaf of wheat at 3 miles, a sheaf of wheat at 4 miles, and many pieces of shingles at 9 miles.

The writer of these remarks was on the ground early the next morning, and spent the forenoon of the 25th and 26th in ascertaining the principal facts in presence of the most respectable witnesses, and gives his assurance, that so far from being exaggerated, that description falls far short of the reality.

The damage sustained by Messrs. Davis and Miller, is estimated at $1000.

A barn belonging to Mr. David Wood, in Greenwich, was struck with lightning and consumed with all its contents, and much damage sustained among the timber in various parts by the same destructive element

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 13, 1803.

The Mayor of the city having requested the Physicians to report to him the number of cases of infectious or malignant fever under their care since the 2d of July last, presents the following:

That from the 20th of July to the 5th of August, inclusive, 33 cases of bilious malignant fever have occurred, 16 of which have terminated in death, 8 in recovery, and 9 remain still doubtful.

The Committee of Health report the following, as the number of deaths and new cases handed in to them since the Mayor's report:

On the 8th inst.	3	deaths,	16	new cases.
9th	4	do.	16	do.
10th	1	do.	15	do.

Of the above, 17 have been sent to the Marine Hospital.

On the 11th inst, 3 deaths, 15 new cases.
5 were sailors, and sent to the Marine Hospital.
12th inst, 3 deaths and 14 new cases.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 77 persons during the week ending on the 6th. inst.

Of this number 5 died of diseases not mentioned, and the others of the following disorders—Consumption 6—purging and vomiting 1—cholera infantum 7—remitting fever 1—dropsy 1—debility 2—ulcers 1—palsey 1—hooping cough 3—hives 1—malignant fever 8—disease of bowels 1—apoplexy 1—small pox 2—fits 4—relax 8—cholera morbus 5—decline 3—cancer 1—sprue 1—drinking cold water 1—teething 2—accidental 1—vomiting 1—suddenly 1—diarrhœa infantum 1—child bed 1—bilious fever 2—remitting fever 1—complaint in bowels and stomach 1—drowned 1. Of whom 44 were children, and 33 were adults.

The following directions of an eminent French physician are offered to the public:

Cleanliness of person and apartment, and also particularly of bed linen, is among the most effectual preservatives against the epidemic.

Evacuating the stomach and bowels (the latter frequently repeated), and promoting perspiration by copious, mild and tepid drinks, are among the most effectual remedies. At the same time changing very often the linen and bed clothes; ventilating the apartment and clothing; keeping every thing clear and pure; removing carpets, and occasionally scattering pearl or pot ash over the floor. Washing frequently the body and limbs with vinegar and water is also refreshing and advantageous to the indisposed. [*Chron.*

As the United States sch. Vixen was saluting the town of Baltimore, on Thursday morning, the gunner's mate put the match to the bow gun, without observing that a man was standing on the mouldings charging—by the discharge the man's arm we understand was carried off, above the elbow, being struck by the rammer which he had not withdrawn. The man was blown into the water. Mr. Smith, lieut. and commander, made every personal exertion to save the man, but was unsuccessful; a negro on board jumped over and supported the sailor until the boat picked him up. He only said it was d——d hard, that he had been compelled to fight both for the British and French, and now when he hoped to be of use to his own country to be laid up in dock without seeing a single broadside.

The following afflicting circumstance lately occurred in the neighborhood of Morris River, in west New-Jersey—A woman went in search of a hen's nest, and finding a hollow log, supposed the fowl might be in it, and sent a little girl, her daughter, to look for it;—the child no sooner entered the log, than she informed her mother the hen bit her, and would not come off the nest; the mother told the child to pull her off—after waiting a short space, and hearing nothing of the child, she called to her, but received no answer; the father of the child being called, split open the log, and found several rattle-snakes entwined round the body of the child, and one around her neck, and she had been bitten in several places, and quite dead.

New-London, Aug. 3.

On Thursday last, J. Morgan, jun. Charles Crocker, and two others, of Waterford, were collecting sea-weed in Jordan Cove. In hauling the scow along the edge of the channel, Morgan,

who was unable to swim, slipped in, and Crocker, an excellent swimmer, to save him, plunged after. A third, seeing them both likely to drown, hastened to their assistance, but they seized on him in such a manner that they all went to the bottom together; he, however, while at the bottom, by a violent exertion, extricated himself, and reached the shore so exhausted as to be unable to stand. Morgan and Crocker were drowned. They were useful young men.

Dedham, (Mass.) Aug. 2.

Last Friday, a young man of 25, from Sturbridge, of the name of John Mason, at work on the turnpike in Roxbury—driving an iron spindle, contrary to advice, into a charged rock, which at the third stroke, exploded, sent him above ten feet, disfigured with numberless wounds in the face and hands, without hurting his senses; but one gash of several inches in length, supposed by a sliver of rock penetrating just below the front edge of the diaphragm, wounded the liver; some inches of the cawl protruded externally; and appearance of contusion of stomach: with great oppression of the animal functions, he survived 8 or 10 hours.—His remains after funeral services, were decently interred near the remains of Whitney, his unfortunate fellow laborer; who, by a similar accident, was consigned to the grave, just three weeks before.

Foreign.—LUNENBURG, June 6. On the 4th inst the French troops entered Celle and Hanover. On the 5th, Verden, Brucheusen, and Hoya; and tomorrow they will be in Haarburg, which place the Hanoverian troops left yesterday. [Haarburg is on the Hanoverian side of the river Elbe, immediately opposite Hamburg.

Capt. Thomas, who arrived here on Monday, in 10 days from St. John's, (N. B.) informs, that he went into Holme's Hole on the 4th inst. and that the ship Juno, of Boston, had just arrived there from Cape Francois, with Gen. Rochambeau and his friend on board, they having made their escape from St. Domingo.

Solution to the Enigma, in our last,

A PEN.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Married,

On Thursday evening last week, at Newtown, Mr. Stephen Whitney, of this city, to Miss Harriet Suydam, of that place.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Donald M'Donald, to Miss Elizabeth Rowe, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Robert Aspin, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Fame Lyal, of Scotland.

Died,

On Thursday last week, Mr. Jacob Sebring, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Same day, Mrs. Lucretia Tooker, wife of Daniel Tooker, aged 57 years.

On Friday afternoon, last week, Mr. John Hardenbrook, aged 78 years.

On Saturday morning, last, after four days illness, Miss Elizabeth Winans, in the 17th year of her age.

On Monday morning, after a few hours illness, Miss Elizabeth Brasher, eldest daughter of Mrs. P. Brasher, of this city.

Same morning, Mr. John Bard, merchant, of the house of Depeyster and Bard, of this city.

Same day, after a few days illness, Mr. Dudley Byrne, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, after a few days illness, Mrs. Webb, wife of captain Silas S. Webb, of this [illegible].

On Wednesday, after a long illness, Mr. Joseph B. D. Le Turc.

On Friday, of the prevailing fever, Lancaster Lupton esq.

At New-London, Mr. Samuel Adams, of a fever contracted in New-York.

At Coxsackie, Mr. Thomas Tryon, aged at least 110, some of his friends say, 120.

At New Haven, Samuel Bishop, Collector of that port.

In England, Joseph Richardson, esq. he was proprietor of a fourth part of Drury-Lane Theatre.

In London, Mrs. Farren, mother of the Countess of Derby.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing dame Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise to seven dollars.

Ode to Death.

THROUGH the thick mist of doubts and fears,
O death, how hideous thy fair form appears!
Terror's false misjudging eye,
Sees thee on wings of vengeance fly;
While Horror's darkest robes invest
Thy monster limbs and gloomy breast:
FANCY shapes thy savage dart,
And CONSCIENCE aims it at the trembling heart.
Aghast the guilt-made coward turns aside,
And vainly seeks his dastard fears to hide;
Or with a desp'rate aim
(Thy pow'r affecting to despise),
Impell'd by pride, and fear, and shame,
He shuts his impious eyes;
And 'mid tumultuous passion's wild alarms,
Furious with blind despair he rushes to thy arms!

But diff'rent is thy aspect, Death, I ween;
By pious hope and stedfast faith survey'd,
No vengeance clouds thy awful brow serene,
No tyrant symbol in thine hand display'd.
In that blest hand the golden key
That ope's eternity's dread gates I see!
Key of this prison-house, where pain and sorrow
From thy approaching steps some comfort borrow.
No robe of horror thou dost wear,
No savage dart, no pointed spear;
But in Hope's radiant vestments clad,
Thy temples with celestial glory bound,
'Tis thine to make the woe-worn spirit glad,
Thine is the sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound.
At thy approach, sweet messenger of peace,
Each low and earth-born care
Dissolves in lightest air,
And worldly torments from their troublings cease:
Thy smile can still each anxious thought to rest,
And calm the throbbing tumult of the breast.

Sweet is thy promise, Death! but slow thy pace,
When pain and sorrow court thy wish'd embrace:
In vain doth heart-corroding anguish,
For thy kind deliv'rance languish;
Unheedful of the supplicating voice,
Thou fly'st to scenes where youth and joy
With love and mirth the time employ,
And where fond hope bid's the fool'd heart rejoice.
Ah! why capricious thus, with tyrant pride,
Still from the wretched dost thou turn aside?
And where thy presence strikes with wild dismay,
Why love an unexpected guest to stray?
But shall rash mortal, weak and vain,
The insearchable decrees of heav'n arraign?
Is it not almighty power
That now protracts the wish'd for hour?
Power with wisdom and with mercy join'd,
'Tis goodness infinite prestides;
The dart of Death 'tis wisdom guides.
Then humbly be the hour to heav'n resign'd;
For register'd in heav'n's supreme decree,
Is the important hour that sets my spirit free!

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE.

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship he said will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a stradd-
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short, [le,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reas'ning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again, in behalf of the Eyes,
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one if or but—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

THE MOTHER.

RAPT'ROUS she clasps the infant to her breast,
And lulls the smiling cherub off to rest:
Anxious leans o'er, to watch each rising sigh,
And longs again to meet the open'd eye;
See him awake, with arms stretch'd out, to find
A mother in the nurse, so fond, so kind,
Amaz'd she looks, yet feels convinc'd 'tis true,
Each rising hour fresh beauties bring to view;
Grateful to heav'n, she bends her knee,
And cries—"Whate'er my fate may be,
"Save this dear babe from harm.
"In mercy hear a mother's pray'r—
"Thy blessings let this infant share,
"Thy grace his bosom warm.
"Guide him safe through the vale of tears,
"From sprightly youth to riper years;
"And, when his thread of life is spun,
"May he sink like the setting sun;
"With virtuous actions heap'd upon his head,
"That like the sun's last rays a lustre shed;
"Which promise fair to rise more pure, more bright,
"More glorious in the world of light."

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—

A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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